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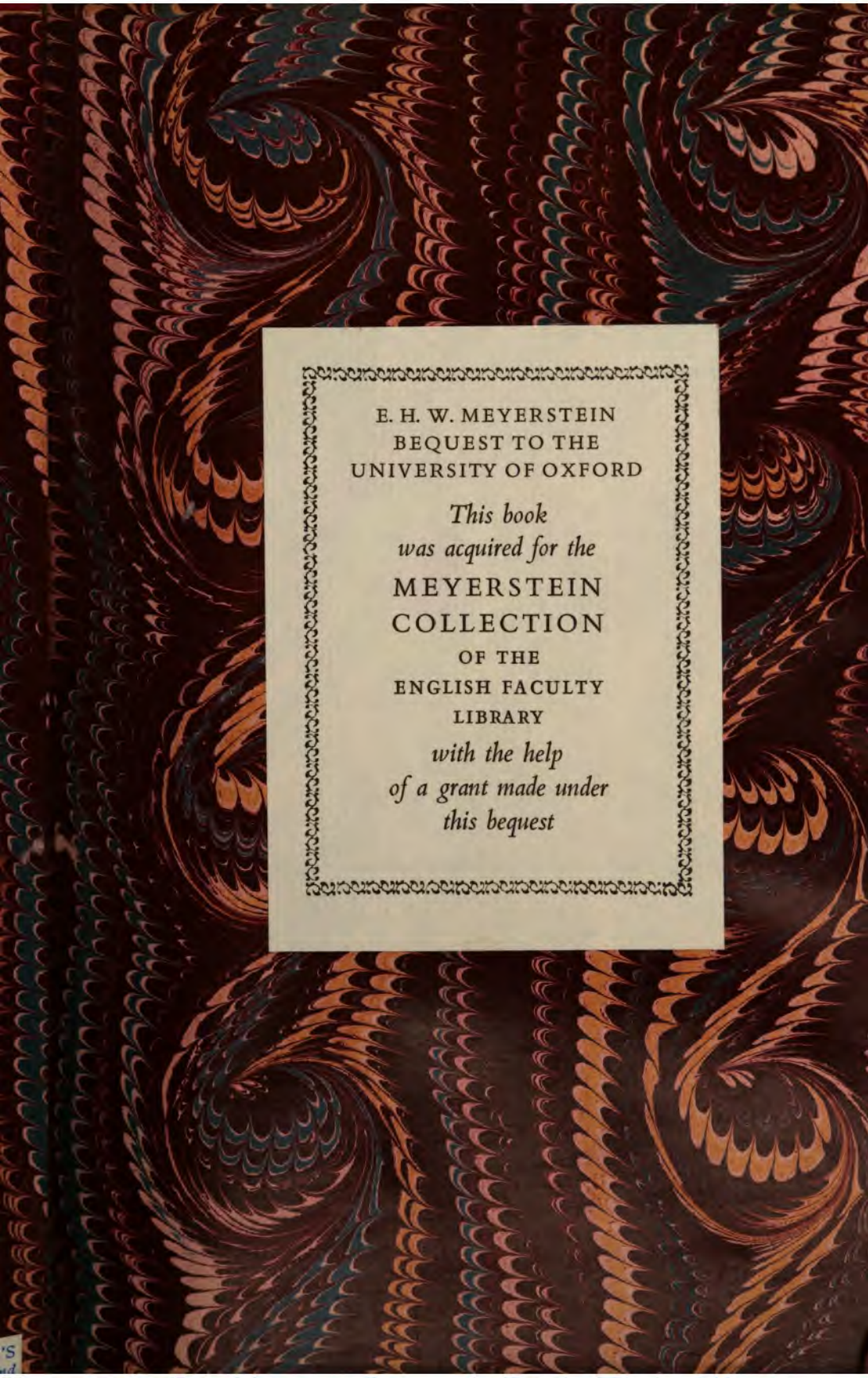
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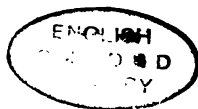
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THE  
BOTHIE  
OF  
TOPER-N-A-FUOSICH.

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

*Nunc formosissimus annus.*

OXFORD:  
FRANCIS MACPHERSON.  
LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.  
1848.



#### NOTE.

THE reader is warned to expect every kind of irregularity in these modern hexameters : spondaic lines, so called, are almost the rule ; and a word will often require to be transposed by the voice from the end of one line to the beginning of the next.



## **MY LONG-VACATION PUPILS**

**WILL I HOPE ALLOW ME TO INSCRIBE THIS TRIFLE TO  
THEM, AND WILL NOT, I TRUST, BE DISPLEASED IF  
IN A FICTION, PURELY FICTION, THEY ARE HERE AND  
THERE REMINDED OF TIMES WE ENJOYED TOGETHER.**



I.

*Socii cratera coronant.*

IT was the afternoon ; and the sports were all but over.  
Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer ;  
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,  
Eight stout shepherds and gillies had run, two wondrous quickly ;  
Run too the course on the level had been ; the leaping was over :  
Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,  
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,  
Turning the clansmen about, who stood with upraised elbows ;  
Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.  
It was four of the clock, and the sports were all but over,  
Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.  
Hope was the first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honour ;  
For the postman made out he was son to the Earl of Ilay,  
(As indeed he was, to the younger brother, the Colonel,)  
Treated him therefore with special respect ; doffed bonnet, and ever  
Called him his Honour : his Honour he therefore was at the cottage.  
Always his Honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.

Hope was first, his Honour, and next to his Honour the Tutor.  
Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,  
White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat  
Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it ;  
Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled ;  
*Shady* in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady,  
Lindsay succeeded ; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay,  
Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician,  
This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented,  
Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party,  
Master in all that was new, of whate'er was recherché and racy,  
Master of newest inventions, and ready deviser of newer ;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper.  
Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bathing ; of course too  
Arthur Audley, the bather par excellence, glory of headers,  
Arthur they called him for love and for euphony ; so were they bathing,  
There where in mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite  
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.  
There were they bathing and dressing ; it was but a step from the cottage,  
Only the road and larches and ruinous millstead between.  
Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam ; on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, splendescent as god of Olympus ;  
Blue, half-doubtfully blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,  
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely adjusted,  
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of women :  
When for ten minutes already the fourwheel had stood at the gateway,  
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of the clansmen's meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came ; and Donald the innkeeper showed them  
Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four tables were in it ;  
Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised from the level,  
These for Chairman and Croupier,\* and gentry fit to be with them,  
Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie and peasant.  
Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet assembled ;  
Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted gillies ;  
Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the drunkard ;  
Many with silver brooches, and some with those brilliant crystals  
Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the Cairn-Gorm ;  
But with snuff-boxes all, and all their boxes using.  
Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established Minister standing,  
One to say grace before, the other after the dinner ;  
Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the Ancient Worship,  
And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a chapel ;  
So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other, but silent,  
One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.  
Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering Factor,  
Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and stately,  
Hither from lodge and bothie† in all the adjoining shootings  
Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes and blue books,  
Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of the forest,

\* Vice-President.

† Hut.

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway Committee.  
 Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and Croupier,  
 And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long-looked for, himself too  
 Eager, the gray, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the Chief and the Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister asked a blessing,  
 And to the viands before them with knife and with fork they beset them;  
 Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton; and grouse succeeding;  
 Such was the feast, with whiskey of course, and at top and bottom  
 Small decanters of Sherry, not overchoice, for the gentry.  
 So to the viands before them with laughter and chat they beset them.  
 And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly been sated,  
 Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks for the dinner.  
 Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-mixed toddy,  
 And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they sat digesting,  
 Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts and speeches.

Spare me, O mighty Remembrance! for words to the task were unequal,  
 Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me recount minutely  
 All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed tempting toddy,  
 Bid me not show in detail, grimace and gesture painting,  
 How were healths proposed and drunk with all the honours,  
 Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three thrice over,  
 Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all, and Keepers;  
 Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-defiers  
 Long constructions strange and plusquam-thucydidean,  
 Tell, how as sudden torrent in time of speat\* in the mountain  
 Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the roughest,  
 Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's  
 Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in the gallop,  
 Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one yonder,  
 So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the torrent,  
 All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting of syntax,  
 Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of Sir Hector.  
 Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as ever,  
 How the noble Croupier would wind up his word with a whistle,  
 How the Marquis of Ayr, with quaint gesticulation,  
 Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections,  
 Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,

\* Flood.

Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,  
 Swore he would never abandon his country, nor give up deer-stalking ;  
 How, too, more brief, and plainer in spite of Gaelic accent,  
 Highland peasants gave courteous answer to flattering nobles.

Two orations alone the memorial song will render ;  
 For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir Hector,  
 Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often repeated,  
 Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers  
 Whom he erst led in the fight ;—something-husky, but cheery, tho' weary,  
 Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome chieftain :—

Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—with all the honours,  
 There was a toast which I forgot, which our gallant Highland homes have  
 Always welcomed the stranger, I may say, delighted to see  
 Fine young men at my table—My friends ! are you ready ? the Strangers.  
 Gentlemen, I drink your healths,—and I wish you—with all the honours !

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the honours,  
 All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché detecting His Honour,  
 The Guardsman moving to Arthur, the Marquis sidling to Airlie,  
 While the little drunken Piper came across to shake hands with Lindsay.—

But, while the healths were being drunk, was much tribulation and trouble,  
 Nodding and beckoning across, observed of Attaché and Guardsman :  
 Adam wouldn't speak,—indeed it was known he couldn't ;  
 Hewson could, and would if they wished ; Philip Hewson the poet,  
 Hewson the radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,  
 Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury  
 Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and bishops,  
 Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other things the Game-laws :  
 He could speak, and was asked to by Adam, but Lindsay aloud cried  
 (Whiskey was hot in his brain) Confound it, no, not Hewson,  
 A'nt he cock-sure to bring-in his eternal political humbug ?  
 However, so it must be, and after due pause of silence,  
 Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling queerly to Adam,  
 Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical Hewson.

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present.  
 I have not, as two or three of my friends, in my veins some tincture,  
 Some few ounces of Scottish blood ; no, nothing-like it.  
 I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and thank you.  
 So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my companions,  
 Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,  
 All the more welcome as showing you do not account us intruders



Are not unwilling to see the north and south forgather.  
 And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English more joyously mingled;  
 Scarcely with warmer hearts, clearer sense of mutual manhood,  
 Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular battle,  
 Where the life and the strength come out in the tug and tussle,  
 Scarcely, where man confronted man, and soul clasped soul,  
 Close as the bodies and intertwining limbs of athletic wrestlers  
 When for a final bout are a day's two champions mated,—  
 In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and claymores,  
 At the old Flodden-field—Bannockburn—Culloden.  
 —(And he paused a moment, for breath, and because of cheering,)  
 We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old fighting,  
 Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other better,  
 We can now shake hands without subterfuge or shuffling.

On this passage followed a great tornado of cheering,  
 Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two got broken:  
 He, ere the cheers had died wholly away, and while still there was stamping,  
 Added with a smile in an altered voice his sarcastic conclusion.

Yet I myself have little claim to this honour of having my health drunk,  
 For I am not a game-keeper, I think, nor a game-preserver.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire was not taken.

Only the *Men*, who were all on their legs as concerned in the thanking,  
 Were a trifle confused, but mostly stared without laughing;  
 Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his fist at the speaker.  
 Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,  
 Started, remembering sadly the chance of a coming election,  
 Only the Attaché sneered to the Guardsman, who twirled his moustachio,  
 Only the Marquis faced round, but not quite clear of the meaning  
 Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast was over:  
 Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned for the dancing,  
 And our friends, retiring to wait for this consummation,  
 Were, as they stood in the doorway uncertain, debating together,  
 By the good chieftain so joyous invited hard-by to the castle.  
 But as the doorway they quitted, a thin man clad as the Saxon,  
 Trousers and cap and jacket of home-spun blue, hand-woven,  
 Singled out, and said with determined accent to Hewson,  
 Resting his hand on his shoulder, while each with eyes dilating  
 Firmly scanned each: Young man, if ye pass through the Braes o' Lochaber,  
 See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

## II.

*Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.*

**M**ORN, in yellow and white came broadening out from the mountains,  
 Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn of the dancers.  
 Duly in matutine bathed before eight some two of the party,  
 There where in mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite  
 Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.  
 Duly there two plunges each took Philip and Arthur,  
 Duly in matutine bathed, and read, and wished for breakfast ;  
 Breakfast commencing at nine lingered lazily on to noon-day.

Tea and coffee was there ; a jug of water for Hewson ;  
 Tea and coffee ; and four cold grouse upon the sideboard ;  
 Cranberry-jam was reserved for tea, and for festive occasions :  
 Gaily they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy at breakfast,  
 Some professing a book, some smoking outside at the window.  
 'Neath an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to the zenith,  
 Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and got home by eleven ;  
 Hope and the others had staid till the round sun lighted them bedward.  
 They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier women  
 Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the chartist, the poet, the eloquent speaker.  
 Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas and Floras  
 Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical titles  
 Of the exotic plants, their antitypes, in the hothouse :  
 Roses, violets, lilies for me ! the out-of-door beauties ;  
 Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and heartsease !

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none made answer.  
 Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction,  
 Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of women,  
 Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think, be at discount,  
 All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved us,  
 Saved for purposes truly and widely productive——

That's right,

Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay, outside in the garden,  
 Lindsay, cigar-loving hero, the Piper, the Dialectician,  
 Take off your coat to it, Philip.

Well, well, said Hewson, resuming ;  
 Laugh if you please at my novel economy ; listen to this, though ;  
 As for myself, and apart from economy wholly, believe me,  
 Never I properly felt the relation of man to woman,  
 Though to the dancing-master I went, perforce, for a quarter,  
 Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in plenty,  
 Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine—a bevy of beauties,—  
 Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I shall say it,)  
 Never, believe me, revealed itself to me the sexual glory,  
 Till in some village fields in holidays now getting stupid,  
 One day sauntering ‘long and listless,’ as Tennyson has it,  
 Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboyhood,  
 Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,  
 Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.  
 Was it the air ? who can say ? or herself, or the charm of the labour ?  
 But a new thing was in me ; and longing delicious possessed me,  
 Longing to take her and lift her, and put her away from her slaving :  
 Was it to clasp her in lifting, or was it to lift her by clasping,  
 Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind ; hard question !  
 But a new thing was in me, I too was a youth among maidens :  
 Was it the air, who can say ? but in part ’twas the charm of the labour.  
 I was too awkward, too shy, a great deal, be assured, for advances,  
 Shyly I shambled away, stopping oft, but afraid of returning,  
 Shambled obliquely away, with furtive occasional sidelong,  
 Long, though listless no more, in my awkward hobbadiboyhood.  
 Still, though a new thing was in me, though vernal emotion, the secret,  
 Yes, amid prurient talk, the unimparted mysterious secret  
 Long, the growing distress, and celled-up dishonour of boyhood,  
 Recognised now took its place, a relation, oh bliss ! unto others ;  
 Though now the poets, whom love is the key to, revealed themselves to me,  
 And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand, sat I unwearied,  
 Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and coying,  
 Were not so strange as they had been, so incomprehensible purely ;  
 Still, as before, (and as now) balls, dances, and evening parties,  
 Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,  
 Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,  
 Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,  
 Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work,  
 (Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage,)  
 Utter divorcement from work, mother earth, and objects of living,

As mere gratuitous trifling in presence of business and duty,  
 As does the turning aside of the tourist to look at a landscape  
 Seem in the steamer or coach to the merchant in haste for the city.  
 Hungry and fainting for food you ask me to join you in snapping—  
 What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?  
 Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays;  
 Pretty, I see it, and sweet; but they hardly would grow in my borders.  
 Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper-confections,  
 Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered,  
 Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he with the bit in his teeth,—scarce  
 Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly on with his rider,  
 Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away in the champaign,  
 Snorting defiance and force, the white foam flecking his quarters,  
 Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head projected before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could  
 But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,  
 How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic  
 Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman  
 Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest girl, now  
 Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only  
 Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from her, mind you,  
 Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can offer,  
 Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of Hellas;—  
 Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart, as into Eden  
 Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth uncorrupted,  
 Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an helpmeet for him,  
 Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his spirit,  
 Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,  
 Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with him;—  
 Oh if they saw it and knew it; we soon should see them abandon  
 Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room,  
 Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for linsey-woolsey,  
 Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!  
 So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of existence  
 Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre of all things,  
 Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is topmost!

Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted ourselves in the seeing,  
 Bending with blue cotton gown skirted-up over striped linsey-woolsey,  
 Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering cattle,  
 Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld and kissed her,  
 Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,  
 Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching soft to the shoulders,  
 Comely in gracefullest act, one arm uplifted to stay it,  
 Home from the river or pump moving stately and calm to the laundry ;  
 Aye, doing household work, as many sweet girls I have looked at,  
 Needful household work, which some one, after all, must do,  
 Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, scouring,  
 Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes.—

Or—high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last successful,  
 Lindsay, this long time swelling with scorn and pent-up fury,  
 Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw them,  
 Petticoats up to the knees, or, it might be, a little bit higher,  
 Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that they trod in the wash-tub !

Laughter loud ensued ; and seeing the Tutor embarrassed,  
 It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling sedately,  
 Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from Lindsay,  
*For oh, he was a roguery, the Piper o' Dundee.*

Laughter ensued again ; and the Tutor still slightly embarrassed  
 Picked at the fallen thread, and commenced a reply to Hewson.

There's truth in what you say, though truly much distorted ;  
 These, I think, no less than other agaceries, cloy one ;  
 Still there's truth, I own, I perfectly understand you.

While the Tutor was gathering his thoughts, continued Arthur,  
 Is not all this just the same that one hears at common-room breakfasts,  
 Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and Beauty ?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes ; with a cry from the sofa,  
 There where he lay, the great Hobbes, contemplative, corpulent, witty,  
 Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrase and fancy,  
 Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing,  
 Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain in the tropics ;  
 Studious ; careless of dress ; inobservant ; by smooth persuasions  
 Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and the Piper,  
 Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the Piper.

Beautiful ! cried he upleaping, analogy perfect to madness !  
 O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it, or fancy !  
 Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what a vista disclosing !

Exquisite germ ! Ah no, crude fingers shall not soil thee ;  
Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature in the oyster.

While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing and corpulent oyster,  
Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a Pugin of women,  
How even churning and washing, the dairy, the scullery duties,  
Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to charms and attractions,  
Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artistical handling,  
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated.

Philip who speaks like a book, retiring and pausing he added,  
Philip here, who speaks—like a folio, say'st thou, Piper ?  
Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The Laws of*  
*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women ;*  
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,  
Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar  
(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any.)  
Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later,  
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier stages,  
Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady-Flamboyant :  
Thence why in satire and spite too merciless onward pursue her  
Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady ?  
No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and not to play with.  
You are young, you know, he said, resuming to Philip,  
You are young, he proceeded, with something of fervour to Hewson,  
You are a boy ; when you grow a man, you'll find things alter.  
You will learn to seek the good, to scorn the attractive,  
Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and fashion,  
Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty also,  
Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you witness.  
Good, wherever found, you will choose, be it humble or stately,  
Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.  
Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it only ;  
Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said in the Ethics,  
That which is good for ourselves, our proper selves, our best selves ;  
This if you find in another, desert not, whatever you call it,  
Call it a likeness of souls, call it anything else you fancy,  
Perfect response, if you please, to what would in us be most perfect,  
Answer most searching to what in ourselves is profoundest and shyest :  
This if you find in another, desert not, wherever you find it,  
Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it !



Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all at twenty,  
You are a boy, as I said ; when you grow a man, you'll say so.

This was the answer he had from the eager impetuous Hewson :  
Yes, I say it now, I know I'm young ; and know, too,  
How the grown-up man puts-by the youthful instinct,  
Learns to deal with the good, but what good is, discerns not ;  
Learns to handle the helm, but breaks the compass to steer by ;  
In the intuitive loses far more than his gain discursive ;  
Or, in the lingo you love, the lingo emphatic of Aldrich,  
Gets up the form syllogistic, ignoring the premiss and matter.

While he spoke, Adam rose, sat again, and dropping his eyelids  
Bowed his face in his hands, and rested his hands on the table ;  
So for a minute he sat—the one first minute of silence ;  
Looked up at last, and laughed, and answered, speaking serenely,  
Speaking serenely, but still with a moisture about the eyelids.

Truly, queer fellow is Hewson ! for bidding him choose good only  
Thus to upbraid me with years, chill years that are thick'ning to forty.  
Nay, never talk ! listen now ! What I say you can't apprehend—  
No, you are looking elsewhere. You will not ever, I fancy—  
Till you ignore your premiss, repairing the loss by a new one,  
Till you discard your compass, if not for instruction in steering,  
Yet to purchase a better and pay, I suppose, for the purchase.  
So much in repartee—but let us return to the question.  
Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of Duty,  
Partly on error, you long for equality.

Aye, cried the Piper,  
That's the sore place, that confounded Egalité, French manufacture,  
He is the same as the Chartist who made an address in Ireland,  
*What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as another ?*  
Faith, replied Pat, *and a deal better too !*

So rattled the Piper :  
But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

Partly in error  
Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as another ?*  
I with the Irishman answer *Yes, better too ;* the poorer  
Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the lower.  
Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and enjoyment,  
Women all have their duties, the one as well as the other ;  
Are all duties alike ? Do all alike fulfil them ?  
It is to these we must look, and in these we are not on a level ;

Neither in these, nor in gifts, nor attainments, nor requirements. .  
 However noble the dream of equality, mark you, Philip,  
 Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime creations,  
 Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom ;  
 Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet to planet.  
 True, that the plant should be rooted in earth, I granted you wholly,  
 And that the daisy in earth surpasses the cut carnation,  
 Only, the rooted carnation surpasses the rooted daisy :  
 There is one glory of daisies, another of carnations ;  
 Foolish were budding carnation, in gay parterre by greenhouse,  
 Should it decline to accept the nurture the gardener gives it,  
 Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial summer,  
 Simply because the field-daisy, that grows in the grass-plat beside it,  
 Cannot, for some cause or other, develope and be a carnation.  
 Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous neighbour?  
 Up, grow, bloom, and forget me ; be beautiful even to proudness,  
 E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies like me.  
 Rooted in earth should it be, carnation alike or daisy,  
 That I grant, and refer you to Shakespeare on gillyflowers,  
 Where in the Winter's Tale Leontes Perdita questions.  
 Education and manners, accomplishments, refinements,  
 Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and drawing,  
 All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious.  
 We must all do something, man, woman alike, I own it ;  
 Yes, but woman-and-man in lady-and-gentleman is not  
 Lost, extinct ; it lives ; if not, God help them, change them !  
 We must all do something, and in my judgment do it  
 In our station ; independent of it, but not regardless ;  
 Holding it, not for enjoyment, but because we cannot change it.

Ah ! replied Philip, Alas ! the noted phrase of the prayer book,  
 Doing our duty in that state of life to which God has called us,  
 Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys say it,  
 Standing in velvet frock by mama's brocaded flounces,  
 Eying her gold-fastened book and the chain and watch at her bosom,  
 Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy leads me,  
 Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my fancy ;  
 Benefit of trade, I see, is mockery vile and delusion.  
 Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living  
 Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are not so guilty.

Ah ! replied Philip again, But as for the rest of the story,  
Truly I see a good deal in the daisy-carnation fable ;  
Though I should like to be clear what standing in the earth means.  
But, as you said to me when this long discussion started,  
There's truth in what you say, though I *don't* quite understand you.  
So the discussion ended ; and Arthur rose up smiling,  
Now, quoth he, that Philip daren't bully you more, it is my turn.  
How will my argument please you ? To-morrow we start on our travel.  
And took up Hope the chorus.

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising ;  
Four weeks here have we read ; four weeks will we read hereafter ;  
Three weeks hence will return and revisit our dismal classics,  
Three weeks hence re-adjust our visions of classes and classics.  
Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, undreamt of,  
History, Science, and Poets ! lo, deep in dustiest cupboard,  
Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth buried !  
Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of Old Athens,  
Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian blackguard !  
Sleep, weary Ghosts, be at peace, and abide in your lexicon-limbo !  
Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculeanean kindred,  
Sleep, and for ought that I care, ' the sleep that knows no waking,'  
Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, and Plato.  
Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper, the Dialectician.  
Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and the *wash-hand-stand-bason*,\*  
Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy* Aldrich.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,  
Who are they that go, and when do they promise returning ?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself continued,  
Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and Hobbes, and Hewson,  
Lindsay and Arthur and Hope to verify Black are a quorum.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the eloquent speaker.  
Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and Hobbes, peradventure ;  
Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-kilted hero,  
Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie ' abide in his breaches ;'  
Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an it like them !  
Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks prescribed us ;

\* Cottage and matutine.

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,  
Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and marquis,  
I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairy* 'Tottle.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you go up at Easter,  
This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin of Women.  
Good are the Ethics, I wis ; good absolute, not for me, though ;  
Good too Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in fine weather.  
Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence, Temperance, Justice,  
Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose included,  
Three weeks hence we return, to cares of classes and classics.  
I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairy* 'Tottle.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,  
Where do you mean to go, and whom do you mean to visit ?

And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount, His Honour, of Ilay.  
Kitcat, a Trinity coach, has a party at Drumnadrochet,  
Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful valley of Urquhart ;  
Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us, and give us a lift too :  
Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison. Then at  
Castleton high in Braemar, strange home, with his earliest party,  
Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and Jones and Lauder.  
Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior wrangler,  
With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inverary.

Finally too, from the kilt and the sofa said Hobbes in conclusion,  
Finally Philip must hunt for that home of the probable poacher,  
Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the bothie of What-did-he-call-it.  
Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquisses hopeless,  
Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,  
There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely potato-uprooter,  
Study the question of sex in the Bothie of What-did-he-call it.

### III.

*Namque canebat uti* ———

SO in the golden morning they parted and went to the westward.  
And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes remained the Tutor ;  
Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor Hobbes and Airlie ;  
One between bathing and breakfast, and six before it was dinner,  
(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again, the dinner)

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to eleven.  
 Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll together  
 Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills before them ;  
 Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the cottage remaining,  
 E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again to his reading ;  
 Other times, stung by the cestrum of some swift-working conception,  
 Ranged, tearing-on in his fury, an Io-cow, through the mountains,  
 Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of perspiration,  
 Far on the peaks, unwitting, the hares and ptarmigan starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks, three days over,  
 Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,  
 And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became uneasy,  
 And in the golden weather they wondered, and watched to the westward.

There is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist  
 Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,  
 Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great mountains,  
 Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped  
 Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample  
 Spreads to convey it the glen with heathery slopes on both sides :  
 Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows ;  
 But, where the lateral glen approaches the vale of the river,  
 Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,  
 Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,  
 Forces its flood through a passage, so narrow, a lady would step it.  
 There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,  
 Carrying a path to the forest ; below, three hundred yards, say,  
 Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,  
 Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.

But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water  
 Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,  
 Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury  
 Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror ;  
 Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under ;  
 Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising  
 Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.  
 Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs,  
 Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,  
 Still more concealed from below by wood and rocky projection.  
 You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,  
 Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing.

Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it ;  
 Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,  
 Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.

Hither, a month ago, they had come, and discovered ; hither  
 (Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccomplished),  
 Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the forest,  
 Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and shingle,  
 Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural causeway  
 Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,  
 Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before them  
 Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,  
 Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess of bathing.  
 There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the glory of headers,  
 Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he thirty ;  
 There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height descended,  
 Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet protending ;  
 There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked and shouted.

"Hobbes's gutter" the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,  
 Hope "the Glory" would have, after Arthur, the glory of headers :  
 But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex  
 Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of Jupiter glimmer,  
 Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the evening.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above them,  
 Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor ;  
 Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone and shingle,  
 Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural causeway,  
 Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked up ; and  
 Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of headers,  
 Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the Piper.—

And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking yet once more.  
 Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-gazing,  
 Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it,  
 Eyeing thro' eddying green waters the green-tinting floor underneath them,  
 Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,  
 Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,  
 Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers ;  
 Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator and critic,  
 Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.

Yes, they were come ; were restored to the party, its grace and its gladness,  
 Yes, were here, as of old ; the light-giving orb of the household,



Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and contentment-diffusing,  
In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel long, nor be pettish,  
And, the gay fountain of mirth, their own dear genial Piper.

Yes, they were come, were here : but Hewson and Hope—where they then?  
Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going straight, by the pathway ?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.  
Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah me, were I with him !  
Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word and my reading !  
Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might be at Balloch !  
Only one day to have staid who might have been welcome for seven,  
Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the mazy  
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the horny !

And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted,  
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—with him? or where have you left him?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.  
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—Why Hewson we left in Rannoch,  
By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,—reflecting,—  
Helping to shear,\* and dry clothes, and it may be, uproot potatoes,  
Studying the question of sex, though not at What-did-he-call-it.

And the Tutor's countenance fell, perplexed, dumb-founded  
Stood he—slow and with pain disengaging jest from earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the water,  
He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next day.

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's rejoinder.  
Can he have come by the mail, and have got to the cottage before us?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was not at the cottage;  
But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who himself was to follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought not Philip,  
Two whole days and nights exhausted not question and story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,  
Often by word corrected, more often by smile and motion,  
How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to Culloden,  
Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch Arkaig,  
Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-muick-dhui;  
How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept in kitchens,  
Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glen-livat,  
Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,  
Hither and thither had been, and this and that had witnessed,  
Left not a thing to be done, and had not a *brown* remaining.

\* Reap.

For it was told withal, he telling, and he correcting,  
 How they had met, they believed, with St. John, the muckle-hart-slayer,  
 How in the race they had run, and beaten the gillies of Rannoch ;  
 How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,  
 Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope compliant,  
 They had defied the keepers ; the Piper alone protesting,  
 Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but tender of game-law ;  
 Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's fair forest,  
 Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and intermingle  
 Grandly with rowan and ash—in Mar you have no ashes,  
 There the pine is alone or relieved by birch and alder—  
 How in Meäly fair, while stags were starting before—they  
 Made the watcher believe they were guests from Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the other correcting,  
 Often by word, more often by mute significant motion,  
 Much of the Cambridge coach and his pupils at Inverary,  
 Huge barbarian pupils, expanded in infinite series,  
 Firing-off signal guns (great scandal), from window to window  
 (For they were lodging perforce in distant and numerous houses)  
 Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to the Tutor :—  
 Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at Drumnadrochet,  
 Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness horrid and dog-cart ;  
 Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*, but at  
 Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest* places for bathing,  
 One by the bridge in the village, indecent, *the Town-Hall* christened,  
 Where howbeit had Lauder been bathing, and Harrison also,  
 Harrison even, the Tutor, another like Hesperus here, and  
 Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all *stunners*.

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,  
 Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,  
 He to matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,  
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and idéal,  
 He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,  
 River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,  
 So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,  
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,  
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,  
 Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,  
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,

Save for a curl at the end where the curve rejoins the level,  
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken,—  
 How to the element offering their bodies, down-shooting the fall, they  
 Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious water.

And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Piper correcting,  
 How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the downward impulse  
 Carries the head under water, delicious, ineffable; how the  
 Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and borne-off by the current  
 Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the craggy corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected of Arthur,  
 More by word than by motion, change ominous, noted of Adam,  
 How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morning at sunrise,  
 Came in default of the ferryman out of her bed a brave lassie;  
 And, as Philip and she together were turning the handles,  
 By which the chain is wound that works it across the water,  
 Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as they stept from the boatie,  
 Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips; but  
 That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by Arthur:  
 How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Fall of Foyers,  
 Where o'er the loch looks at you the summit of Méalfourvónie,  
 How here too he was hunted at morning, and found in the kitchen  
 Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing them\* smoked for certain,  
 Watching the porridge being made, and asking the lassie that made them,  
 What was the Gaelic for girl, and what was the Gaelic for pretty;  
 How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet blushingly stammered,  
 Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent o'er the porridge  
 Something outlandish—Slan-something, Slan leat, he believed, Caeleg Looach,†  
 That was the Gaelic it seemed for "I bid you good-bye, bonnie lassie;"  
 Arthur allowed it was true, not of Philip, but of the Piper.

And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur looked out at the window,  
 How in thunder and rain—it is wetter far to the westward,  
 Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and road, they were welcomed,  
 Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by the lochside of Rannoch;  
 How in the three days' detention was Philip observed to be smitten,  
 Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest daughter;  
 Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from breakfast to bedtime,  
 Following her motions with eyes ever brightening, softening ever?  
 Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand waiting at table?  
 Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he saw her at nightfall

\* *Porridge* is plural.

† *Caeleg* Laoghach.

Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating rain to the peat-stack ?  
 How it so happened a dance was given by Grant of Glenurchie,  
 And with the farmer they went as the farmer's guests to attend it,  
 Philip staid dancing till day-light,—and ever-more with Katie ;  
 How the whole next afternoon he was with her away in the shearing,\*  
 And the next morning ensuing was found in the ingle beside her  
 Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—blowing together,  
 Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to kindle the embers ;  
 Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to another,—  
 Though, it was true, he was shy, strangely shy,—yet it was not nature,  
 Was not nature, the Piper averred, there shouldn't be kissing ;  
 Then when they packed up their knapsack at noon, and proposed to be starting,  
 Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the morning and follow ;  
 Follow he did not ; do burns when you go up a glen, follow after ?  
 Follow he had not, nor left ; do needles leave the loadstone ?  
 Nay too, they turned after starting, and looked through the trees at the corner,  
 Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the lassie beside him,  
 Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping with stones from the water  
 Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she would spread for the drying.  
 There had they left him, and there, if Katie was there, was Philip,  
 There drying clothes, making fires, making love, getting on too by this time,  
 Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.

You may say so, said Arthur,

For the first time they had known with a peevish intonation,—  
 Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,  
 Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all our sojourn ?  
 Philip had staid, it was true ; the Piper was loth to depart too,  
 Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the keeper at Balloch ;  
 And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,

Answered the Piper, indeed !—

Nay, truly, said Hobbes, interposing,

Did you not say she was seen every day in her beauty and bedgown  
 Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking, scouring ?  
 How could he help but love her ? nor lacked there of course the attraction  
 That in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped linsey-woolsey,  
 Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms bare up to the elbows,  
 Bending with fork in her hand in a garden uprooting potatoes ?  
 Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob ?

\* Reaping.

Truly Jacob, supplanting an hairy Highland Esau?  
 Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the Laban of Rannoch?  
 O happy patriarch he, the long servitude ended of wooing,  
 If when he wake in the morning he find not a Leah beside him!

But the Tutor enquired, who had bit his lip to bleeding,  
 How far off is the place? who will guide me there to-morrow?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope, and brought new tidings;  
 Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not at Rannoch;  
 He had left that noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie?—

With her? the Piper exclaimed, undoubtedly! By great Jingo!  
 And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs, like a hero,  
 Partly, for emphasis only, to mark his conviction, but also  
 Part, in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful living.

Really I did not enquire, answered Hope, but I hardly think it;  
 Janet, Piper, your friend, I saw, and she didn't say so,  
 Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and where he was gone to:  
 One odd thing by the bye, he continued, befell me while with her;  
 Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass; I thought I had seen her,  
 Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere; and asked what her name was;  
 Elspie Mackaye, she answered, the daughter of David! she's stopping  
 Just above there, with her uncle. And David Mackaye where lives he?  
 It's away west, she replied, they call it Toper-na-fuosich.

#### IV.

*Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.*

SO in the golden weather they waited. But Philip came not.  
 Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his writing.—

But, O Muse, that encompassed Earth like the ambient ether,  
 Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive electric  
 Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like trail of thy travel,  
 Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office second-hand knowledge  
 Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch the wandering hero.

There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where, silent up-heaving,  
 Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds of September,  
 Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the shining,  
 Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of Bennevis?  
 There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to Loch Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westernmost islands ?  
There is it ? there ? or there ? we shall find our wandering hero ?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in  
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,  
Here I see him and here : I see him ; anon I lose him !  
Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to mountain,  
Leaving the crest of Benmore to be palpable next on Benvohrlich,  
Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its hunting,  
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.

Wherefore like cloud of Benmore or hawk overranging the mountains,  
Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber, Lochiel, and  
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,  
Wandereth he, who should either with Adam be studying logic,  
Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his rhetoric using ;  
He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago, to the cottage  
Punctual promised return to cares of classes and classics,  
He who smit to the heart by that youngest comeliest daughter,  
Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading clothes from her wash-tub ?  
Can it be with him through Badenoch deary, Lochaber, Lochiel and  
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,  
Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired lassie of Rannoch ?  
This fierce furious walking—o'er mountain-top and moorland,  
Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,  
Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,  
This fierce furious travel unwearying,—cannot in truth be  
Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of wooing !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not ; I see him,  
Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words in the mountain.

Souls of the dead, one fancies, can enter and be with the living ;  
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her !  
Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be with the living,  
Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they bring, do they feel too ?  
Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner essence with essence ;  
Would I were dead I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her !  
Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and when they retire leaving after  
No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency ; memories rather  
Sweet, happy hopes bequeathing. Ah ! wherefore not thus with the living ?  
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her !

Is it impossible, say you, these passionate fervent impulsions,  
These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces,



Should in strange ways, in her dreams should visit her, strengthen her, shield her?  
 Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of feeling  
 Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,  
 Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave to?  
 Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx!

It must reverberate surely, reverberate idly, it may be.

Yea, hath He set us our bounds which we shall not pass, and cannot?

Would I were dead I keep saying that so I could go and uphold her!

Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain lamenting,  
 Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice 'I am with thee,'  
 Saying, 'although not with thee: behold, for we mated our spirits,  
 Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew not the words we were saying;'  
 Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one finger I touched her,  
 Surely she knows it, and feels it, while sorrowing here in the moorland,  
 Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!

Spirits with spirits commingle and separate; lightly as winds do,  
 Spice-laden South with the ocean-born Zephyr; they mingle and sunder;  
 No sad remorse for them, no visions of horror and vileness;  
 Elements fuse and resolve, as affinity draws and repels them;  
 We, if we touch, must remain, if attracted, cohere to the ending,  
 Guilty we are if we do not, and yet if we would we could not:  
 Would I were dead I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her.

Surely the force that here sweeps me along in its violent impulse,  
 Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and protection about her,  
 Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigour of joy shall sustain her,  
 Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap in the springtide  
 Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en as aforetime:  
 Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet ever and ever,  
 Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!

No wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not: behold, for  
 Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words in the mountain.

And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch in parlour and kitchen  
 Hark! there is music—yea, flowing of music, of milk, and of whiskey,  
 Dancing and drinking, the young and the old, the spectators and actors,  
 Never not actors the young, and the old not always spectators:  
 Lo, I see piping and dancing! and whom in the midst of the battle  
 Cantering loudly along there, or look you, with arms uplifted  
 Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing his gay-smiling Janet,  
 Whom?—whom else but the Piper? the wary precognizant Piper,  
 Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old invitation,

Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims to attention,  
 True to his night had crossed over: there goeth he, brimfull of music,  
 Like to cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,  
 Like to skiff lifted, uplifted, in lock by the swift-swelling sluices,  
 So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look you,  
 Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping, and grasping and clasp-  
 ing Whom but gay Janet?—Him rivalling Hobbes, briefest-kilted of heroes  
 Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere fool of a Saxon,  
 Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too,—the whirl and the twirl o't:  
 Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at swifter gyration  
 Under brief curtain revealing broad acres—not of broad cloth.  
 Him see I there and the Piper—the Piper what vision beholds not?  
 Him and his Honour and Arthur, with Janet our Piper, and is it,  
 Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of the mazy,  
 Skipping, and tripping, tho' stately, tho' languid, with head on one shoulder,  
 Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-haired Katie consoling?  
 Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling, and blushing as ever,  
 What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief remembered as Philip's,  
 Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small consolement of waistcoats!—

Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Lochaber, Lochiel, in  
 Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, or Ardnamurchan,  
 Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling or bothie is sleeping,  
 He, who,—and why should he not then? capricious? or is it rejected?  
 Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the thrilling fair fingers,  
 Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom the throb of his own,—yea,—  
 Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning his Katie?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the Cottage?  
 Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing to answer?  
 Answered before too it had been at once, on the spur of the moment,  
 Answered, but oft reconsidered, and after-thought needs will be spoken,  
 What is it Adam is reading? What was it, Philip had written?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed undoubtedly had been,  
 Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the maiden of Rannoch;  
 Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching he felt her  
 Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the byre, the kitchen;  
 How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side in the shearing,  
 Binding uncouthly the ears, that fell from her dexterous sickle,  
 Building uncouthly the stooks,\* which she laid-by her sickle to straighten;  
 How at the dance he had broken through shyness; for four days after

\* Shocks.

Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not articulate speaking ;  
 How in the room where he slept he met her cleaning and dusting,  
 How he unmeaningly talked of clothes for the washing,—of this thing,  
 That thing, and still as he spoke felt folded unto her, united,  
 Yea, without touch united, essentially, bodily with her,  
 Felt too that she too was feeling what he did,—howbeit they parted !  
 How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made nobler and stronger,  
 Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and perfect,  
 So forth ! much that before too was heard of—Howbeit they parted.

What had ended it all was singular, said he, very.  
 I was walking along some two miles from the cottage  
 Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party with others ;  
 She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain was beginning ;  
 But as she passed, from the hood I saw her eyes look at me.  
 So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although I felt it,  
 You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast it, and left it :  
 It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was. I had seen her  
 Somewhere before I am sure, but that wasn't it ; not its import ;  
 No, it had seemed to regard me with simple superior insight,  
 Quietly saying to itself—Yes, there he is still in his fancy,  
 Letting drop from him at random as things not worth considering  
 All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by fortune,  
 Loosing a hold which others, content and unambitious,  
 Trying down here to keep-up, know the value of better than he does.  
 Was it this ? was it perhaps ?—Yes there he is still in his fancy,  
 Doesn't yet see we have here just the things he is used-to elsewhere,  
 And that the things he likes here, elsewhere he wouldn't have looked at,  
 People here too are people, and not as fairy-land creatures ;  
 He is in a trance, and possessed ; I wonder how long to continue ;  
 It is a shame and a pity—and no good likely to follow.  
 Something like this, but indeed I cannot the least define it.  
 Only, three hours thence I was off and away in the moorland,  
 Hiding myself from myself if I could ; the arrow within me.  
 Katie was not in the house, thank God : I saw her in passing,  
 Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel desertion,  
 Poignant enough ; which however but made me walk the faster,  
 Like a terrible spur running into one's vitals, and through them,  
 Turning me all into pain and sending me off, I suppose like  
 One that is shot to the heart and leaps in the air in his dying.  
 What dear Katie thinks, God knows ; poor child ; may she only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more worth her remembering.  
Meantime all through the mountains I tramp and know not whither,  
Tramp along here, and think, and know not what I should think.

Tell me then, why as I sleep amid hill tops high in the moorland,  
Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the dissolute city,  
Where dressy girls slithering-by upon pavements give sign for accosting,  
Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and shame in their bosoms;  
Hunger by drink and by that which they shudder yet burn for, appeasing,—  
Hiding their shame—ah God, in the glare of the public gas lights?  
Why while I feel my ears catching through slumber the run of the streamlet,  
Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the sign for accosting,  
Still am I passing those figures, nor daring to look in their faces?  
Why when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak uneasily wakes me,  
Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven of heavens,  
No, Great Unjust Judge; she is purity; I am the lost one:  
No, I defy Thee, strike not; crush me, if thou wilt, who deserve it.

You will not think that I soberly look for such things for sweet Katie,  
Contemplate really, as possible even, a thing that would make one  
Think death luxury, seek death, to get at damnation beyond it.  
No, but the vision is on me; I now first see how it happens,  
Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl; how passive  
Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness leads to destruction.  
Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to reclothe it,  
Modesty broken-through once to immodesty flies for protection,  
Desperate, braving when weakest the greatest and direst of dangers;  
Thinks to be bold and defiant at all times, cannot at all times,  
Think by ignoring to fill-up that breach which ignoring but widens.  
Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave the tree up in the forest,  
When the next wind casts it down,—is *his* not the hand that smote it?  
Yea, and who barketh the tree, is even as he that felleth.

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering long with emotion,  
There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed to Philip.

I was severe in my last, my dear Philip, and hasty; forgive me;  
Yes, I was fain to reply ere I duly had read through your letter;  
But it was written in scraps with crossings and counter-crossings  
Hard to connect with each other correctly, and hard to decipher;  
Paper was scarce, I suppose: forgive me; I write to console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market;  
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.

There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant and rarely,  
 Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpretation,  
 See, by their neighbours' eyes, and their own still motions enlightened,  
 In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the forest,  
 In the child of to-day its children to long generations,  
 In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.  
 There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation,  
 Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone-by; without labour  
 Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what old men  
 After long years of mistake and erasure are proud to have come to,  
 Sick with mistake and erasure possess when possession is idle.  
 Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in women and children,  
 Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read-off, unfaltering,  
 Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed book under,  
 Words which we are poring at, hammering at, stumbling at, spelling.  
 Rare is this; to many in pittance and modicum given,  
 Working, an instinct blind, in woman and child and rustic,  
 Rare in full measure, and often e'en then too maimed and hampered;  
 When with the power of speech, and the spirit united of music,  
 Lo, a new day has dawned, and the ages wait upon Shakespeare—  
 Rare is this; wisdom mostly is bought for a price in the market,—  
 Rare is this; and happy, who buy so much for so little,  
 As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has Katie.  
 Knowledge is needful for man—needful no less for woman,  
 Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of shooter and tourist.

Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your blindfold hurry  
 Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most withholding;  
 Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet most unselfish;  
 Renders help and accepts it, a man among men that are brothers,  
 Views, not plucks the beauty, adores, and demands no embracing,  
 So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and gracious  
 Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself reproducing.  
 No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of Arthur,  
 No, I do not compare still tarn with furious torrent,  
 Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake be the torrent.

Women are weak as you say, and love of all things to be passive,  
 Passive, patient, receptive, yea even of wrong and misdoing,  
 Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious feeling  
 Passive, patient, receptive; for that is the strength of their being,  
 Like to the earth taking all things and all to good converting.

Oh 'tis a snare indeed !—Moreover, remember it, Philip,  
 To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone to be yielding,  
 Think that in dealing with them they are raised to a different region ;  
 Where old laws and morals are modified, lost, exist not ;  
 Ignorant they as they are, they have but to conform and be yielding ;  
 There to protect and to guide them the old '*Tis not usual* avails not,  
 But of a new '*Tis not right* must the soul be with travail delivered,  
 Yea,—itself of itself engender and bear the protector.

How shall a poor quiet girl self-create the law and commandment ?  
 How shall a poor silly sheep get endowed with the will of a woman !

But I said this in my letter before, and need not repeat it.  
 You will have seen yourself the danger of pantry-flirtation,  
 You will not now run after what merely attracts and entices,  
 Every-day things highly coloured, and common-place carved and gilded.  
 You will henceforth seek only the good : and seek it, Philip,  
 Where it is—not more abundant perhaps, but—more easily met with ;  
 Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run into error,  
 In your station, regardful of that, though not dependent.  
 But as I said, I have said this before and need not repeat it.

So was the letter completed : a postscript afterward added,  
 Telling the tale that was told by the dancers returning from Rannoch.  
 So was the letter completed : but query, whither to send it ?  
 Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the hawk of the moorland,  
 Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoydart, and Croydart,  
 Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal arrangement.  
 Query, resolved very shortly when Hope from his chamber descending,  
 Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his aunt, of Ilay ;  
 Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought strange tidings ;  
 Came and announced to the friends in a voice that was husky with wonder,  
 Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room with the Countess,  
 Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with Lady Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately refusal,  
 He there at last—O strange ! O marvel, marvel of marvels !  
 Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this morning at Rannoch ;  
 Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down, repeating  
 Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which Hope had lent him,  
 Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the castle, with Lady Maria.

## V.

——— *Putavi*

*Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.*

**S**O in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together  
Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,  
Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.  
Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September daylight,  
Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,  
Five full hours between for the loch and the glen and the mountain,—  
So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting jackets,  
So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the westward,  
What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled  
Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,  
Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly bead of hoar frost,  
Duly in matutine still, and daily, whatever the weather,  
Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the Glory of headers  
Hope. Thither also at times of cold and of possible gutters  
Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes, or e'er they departed,  
Come, in a heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk enwrapping,  
Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,  
All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man revealing.

Duly there they bathed, and daily, the twain or the trio,  
There where of mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite  
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent ;  
Beautiful, very, to gaze-in ere plunging ; beautiful also,  
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes to the sightless,  
Through the great granite jambs the stream and glen and mountain,  
Purple with heather the mountain, the level stream in foreground ;  
Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,  
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; themselves too seeming  
Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly  
Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there by the birches.

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and forest ;  
Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they shadow,  
Far up the long long glen to the loch, and the loch beyond it,  
Deep under huge red cliffs, a secret : and oft by the starlight,

Or the aurora perchance, racing home for the eight o'clock mutton.  
 So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery Highland ;  
 There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting jackets,  
 Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam.

I am here, O my friend !—idle, but learning wisdom.  
 Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my penance.  
 You have conjectured a change must have come to my mind : I believe it !  
 You will believe it too ; if I tell you the thoughts that haunt me !

Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on horseback  
 One that is here, in her freedom, and grace, and imperial sweetness,  
 Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,  
 Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions,—  
 Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of tendril,  
 Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dimmest stick of the garden ;  
 Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,  
 So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the summit,  
 So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I say it,  
 What of the poor and the weary ? their labour and pain is needed.  
 Perish the poor and the weary ! what can they better than perish,  
 Perish in labour for her, who is worth the destruction of empires ?  
 What ! for a mite, or a mote, an impalpable odour of honour,  
 Armies shall bleed ; cities burn ; and the soldier red from the storming  
 Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of mothers and daughters :  
 What ! would ourselves for the cause of an hour encounter the battle,  
 Slay and be slain ; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison ;  
 Die as a dog dies ; die secure that to uttermost ages  
 Not one ray shall illumine our midnight of shame and dishonour,  
 Yea, till in silence the fingers stand still on the world's great dial  
 Fathers and mothers, the gentle and good of unborn generations,  
 Shall to their little ones point out our names for their loathing and horror ?  
 Yea ?—and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a glory denied them,  
 Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as spectators ?  
 Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labour of hodmen ?

And I find myself saying and what I am saying, discern not,  
 Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner ! and finding be thankful ;  
 Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,  
 While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,



Far away glitter the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess.  
Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or earnest?

Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,  
Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;  
Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,  
Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of districts,  
Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam in your foreheads.  
Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,  
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you:  
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely,—  
Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment;  
Not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory!

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of Good or of Evil!

Is it not He that hath done it and who shall dare gainsay it?  
Is it not even of Him, who hath made us?—Yea, for the lions  
Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!  
Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another  
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?  
Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,  
Who hath made man as Himself to know the law—and accept it!

You will wonder at this, my friend! I also wonder!

But we must live and learn; we can't know all things at twenty.  
List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are Cathedrals,  
Such is the orthodox doctrine; 'tis ours with a slight variation;  
Every Woman is, or should be a Cathedral,  
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,  
Built by that only law, that Use be suggestor of Beauty,  
Nought be concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment,  
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.—

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of my Philip,  
So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of*  
*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*,  
So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by tidings they tell me,  
Tidings—ah me, can it be then? that I the blasphemer accounted,  
Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous analogy working,  
Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a poet apostate,  
(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd travestie,  
(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun,—with pipe no longer,

Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recantations,  
Teachest thy verse to exalt Amryllis, a Countess' daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master, that rightly considered  
Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is graceful?  
She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must be good looking,  
If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is shapely,  
If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that made them,  
If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil alone in the cottage  
Slowly elaborates here thy system of feminine graces,  
Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-talking and dancing,  
Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the Tutor from Balloch.  
Yes, you have conquered, my friend! you will meet me, I hope, in Oxford,  
Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the laws and arrangements,  
Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I to resist them?  
Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as in manners,  
Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the Pupils five together,  
Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not now of Philip,  
All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting jackets.

## VI.

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.*

**B**RIGHT October was come, the misty-bright October,  
Bright October was come to burn and glen and cottage;  
But the cottage was empty, the matutine deserted.

Who are these that walk by the shore of the salt sea water?  
Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt sea water?

Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;  
Blank hill sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their bases,  
Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan and alder;  
Cottages here and there out-standing bare on the mountain,  
Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the water.

There on the blank hill side, looking down through the loch to the ocean,  
There with a runnel beside, and pine trees twain before it,  
There with the road underneath, and in sight of coaches and steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye and his daughters Elspie and Bella,  
Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling the younger,  
How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised potatoes,  
Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his father before him ;  
Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making horse-shoes  
Far, in the army had seen some service with brave Sir Hector,  
Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith and soldier ;  
He had been many things since that,—drover, school-master,  
Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless came up hither ;  
And although he could get fine work that would pay, in the city,  
Still was fain to abide where his father abode before him.  
And the lassies are bonnie,—I'm father and mother to them,—  
Bonnie and young ; they're healthier here, I judge, and safer :  
I myself find time for their reading, writing, and learning.

So on the road they walk by the shore of the salt sea water,  
Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain conversing.

This was the letter that came when Adam was leaving the cottage.  
If you can manage to see me before going off to Dartmoor,  
Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you have not seen it)  
Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you will wonder,  
There however I am) to the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was written.  
It was by accident purely I lit on the place ; I was going  
Quietly, travelling homeward, by one of these wretched coaches ;  
One of the horses cast a shoe ; and a farmer passing  
Said, Old David's your man ; a clever fellow at shoeing  
Once ; just up by the firs ; they call it Toper-na-fuosich.  
So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our acquaintance.  
When we came to the journey's end, some five miles further,  
In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to the bothie.

But on a final crossing, still later in date was added.  
Come as soon as you can ; be sure and do not miss me.  
Who would have guessed I should find my haven and end of my travel,  
Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed about so ?  
Who would have guessed that here would be she whose glance at Rannoch  
Turned me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels conspiring,  
Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ; the needle  
Which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither, at last, long

Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am cautious ;  
 More, far more than I was in the old silly days when I left you ;  
 Though I much fear that my eyes may betray me. Still I am heedful ;  
 Any way try ; and have learnt some self-controul of manner,  
 As I conceive, with staying and contemplating at Balloch ;  
 Other things I hope, but clearly to be more retentive.

Not at the bothie now ; at the changehouse in the clachan ;\*  
 Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell you.

There was another scrap, without or date or comment,  
 Dotted over with various observations, as follows :  
 Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did not remember.  
 I was as one that sleeps on the railway ; one, who dreaming  
 Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted out ; hears and hears not,—  
 Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in distance ;  
 Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate and choice,—and  
 Sense of claim and reality present, relapses  
 Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy, while forward  
 Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows not whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome does, is more so ;  
 Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be useful.  
 No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I *will* say,  
 Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,  
 Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty :  
 Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for.  
 I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am not intended :  
 No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Toper-na-fuosich ;  
 No, she transcends it as far, as I perhaps fall below it.—

This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought the Tutor :  
 This is, why tutor and pupil are walking with David and Elspie.—

When for the night they part, and these, once more together,  
 Went by the lochside along to the changehouse near in the clachan,  
 Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man Adam.

Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as morning :  
 Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the Attractive !  
 Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave it !

And by his side in silence walked Philip, and presently answered,  
 Happy is he that finds, if he lose not : but happy, and more too,  
 Blessed, be he by whose showing the seeker is changed to the finder.

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at the changehouse,

\* Public-house in the hamlet.

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father and daughter.  
 Ten more nights, and night by night more distant away were  
 Philip and she ; every night less heedful, by habit, the father.  
 Happy ten days, most happy ; and, otherwise than thought of,  
 Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to David.  
 Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness ! Pass o'er them slowly,  
 Slowly ; like cruise of the prophet be multiplied, even to ages !  
 Pass slowly o'er them ye days of October ; ye soft misty mornings,  
 Long dusky eves ; pass slowly ; and thou great Term-Time of Oxford,  
 Awful with lectures and books, and little-goes and great-goes,  
 Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and retire for the lovers,  
 Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself even to doomsday !  
 Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours ; Be with them ye Loves and Graces !

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly bather,  
 Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along by the edges,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the plain present,  
 Scorning historic abridgment and artifice antipoetic,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and Graces,  
 I will confront the great peril, and speak with the mouth of the lovers,  
 As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the runnel below them,  
 Elspie a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers watching.

## VII.

*Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite ; Vesper Olympo  
 Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.*

**F**OR she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and he saw not her blushes,  
 Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her father she saw him,  
 When at the door the old man had told him the name of the bothie ;  
 There after that at the dance ; yet again at the dance in Rannoch—  
 And she was silent, confused. Confused much rather Philip  
 Buried his face in his hands, his face that with blood was bursting.  
 Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and continued.

Katie is good and not silly ; be comforted, Sir, about her ;  
 Katie is good and not silly ; tender, but not like many  
 Carrying off, and at once for fear of being seen, in the bosom  
 Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man gives them,  
 Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed of ;

That is the way I think, Sir, in England more than in Scotland ;  
 No she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful weather,  
 Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine weather.  
 And she is strong to return to herself and feel undeserted,  
 For she always keeps burning a cheerful fire inside her.  
 Oh, she is strong, and not silly ; she thinks no more about you ;  
 She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as from simple.  
 Yes, she is good and not silly ; yet were you wrong, Mr. Philip,  
 Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,  
 Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.  
 That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that dance at Rannoch,  
 Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced with Donald ;  
 That was what gave me such pain ; I thought it all delusion,  
 All a mere chance, and accident,—not proper choosing,—  
 There were at least five or six—not there, no, that I don't say,  
 But in the country about,—you might just as well have been courting.  
 That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't remember that, though,)  
 Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's, walking,  
 And I was wondering much, and hoped you wouldn't notice,  
 So as I passed I couldn't help looking. You didn't know me.  
 But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to the teacher.

And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,  
 Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dabbled lashes,  
 Philip with new tears starting,

You think I do not remember,  
 Said,—suppose, that I did not observe ! Ah me, shall I tell you ?  
 Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoch.  
 It was your glance, that, descending, an instant revelation,  
 Showed me, where I was, and whitherward going ; recalled me,  
 Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of thought in the mountains.  
 Yes, I have carried your glance within me undimmed, unaltered,  
 As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has lent her,  
 Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moorland :  
 It has been with me in shieling and bothie of wandering drovers,  
 It has been with me, more precious, in chariot and palace of peeress :  
 And you suppose, that I do not remember, I had not observed it !  
 O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they told him his bearings ?  
 O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the compass they gave him ?

And he continued more firmly, although with stronger emotion.

Elspie, why should I speak it? you cannot believe it, and should not :  
 Why should I say that I love, which I all but said to another?  
 Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only I love; you,  
 First and sole in my life that has been and surely that shall be;  
 Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it and spurn not!  
 Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie?

Well,—she answered,

Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting,—Well, I think of it.  
 Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels to me strangely  
 Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below there,  
 Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't understand me.  
 But I keep saying in my mind—this long time slowly with trouble  
 I have been building myself, up, up, and toilsomely raising,  
 Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself without masons,  
 Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another,  
 All one side I mean; and now I see on the other  
 Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,  
 Close to me, coming to join me: and then I sometimes fancy,—  
 Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about arches and bridges,—  
 Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming down, and  
 Dropping the great key stone in the middle: there in my dreaming,  
 There I feel the great key stone coming in, and through it  
 Feel the other part—all the other stones of the archway,  
 Joined into mine with a queer happy sense of completeness, tingling  
 All the way up from the other side's basement-stones in the water,  
 Through the very grains of mine:—just like, when the steel, that you showed us  
 Moved to the magnet, it seemed a feeling got hold of them both. But  
 This is confusion and nonsense. I am mixing all things I can think of.  
 And you won't understand me, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,

So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and pondering,  
 Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not resist:  
 So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But emotion  
 Came all over her more and more, from his hand, from her heart, and  
 Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.  
 So he retained her hand; and, his tears down-dropping on it,  
 Trembling a long time kissed it at last. And she ended.  
 And as she ended, up rose he; saying, What have I heard? Oh,  
 What have I done, that such words should be said to me? Oh, I see it,

See the great key stone coming down from the heaven of heavens !  
And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,  
Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,  
Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.  
Do not say any thing yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,  
Does not my friend go on Friday ? I then shall see nothing of you :  
Do not I go myself on Monday ?

But oh, he said, Elspie ;  
Do as I bid you, my child ; do not go on calling me Mr. ;  
Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie ?  
Call me, this heavenly night, for once, for the first time, Philip.

Philip, she said and laughed, and said she could not say it ;  
Philip, she said ; he turned, and kissed the sweet lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip ;  
And at the evening seat when he took her hand by the alders,  
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,  
I was quite right, last night ; it is too soon, too sudden.  
What I told you before, was foolish perhaps, was hasty.  
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.  
Not that at all I unsay it ; that is, I know I said it,  
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip !  
We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key stone of the centre ;  
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it ;  
If we try to do it, we shall only damage the archway,  
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-building.  
When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,  
I was all over a tremble : and as you pressed the fingers  
After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak. And then, too,  
As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was dreadful.  
I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,  
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and others ;  
It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it ;  
But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite, Sir.  
When I think all that over, I am shocked and terrified at it.  
Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,



Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.  
 You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip ! you are like the sea there,  
 Which *will* come, through the straights and all between the mountains,  
 Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,  
 Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,  
 Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it backward,  
 Quite preventing its own quiet running : And then, soon after,  
 Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack and uncleanness :  
 And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful running,  
 But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks disordered.  
 That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,  
 Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not ;  
 I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide, that  
 Would mix-in itself with me, and change me ; I felt myself changing ;  
 And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was dreadful.  
 You are too strong, Mr. Philip ! I am but a poor slender burnie,  
 Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the woodies,  
 Quite unused to the great salt sea ; quite afraid and unwilling.

Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers :  
 As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook, and shivered ;  
 There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when she had ended,  
 Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh quite true, Elspie ;  
 Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I been doing !  
 I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,  
 Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me, my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie ;  
 And she got up from her seat on the rock ; putting by her knitting ;  
 Went to him, where he stood, and answered.

No, Mr. Philip,  
 No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I am the foolish ;  
 No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly  
 Took up his hand, and placed it in hers ; he daring no movement ;  
 Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy elbow.  
 I am afraid, she said, but I will ! and kissed the fingers.  
 And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie ;  
 And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,

Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,  
 Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland ;  
 That great water withdrawn, receding here and passive,  
 Felt she in myriad springs, her sources, far in the mountains,  
 Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-out-flowing,  
 Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the valley,  
 Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,  
 With a blind forefeeling descending, evermore seeking,  
 With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it ;  
 There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,  
 Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to be added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground before her,  
 Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she was doing  
 Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,  
 Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the curl on his forehead :  
 And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time, round her  
 Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his bosom.

As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she whispered ;  
 I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;  
 I who had never once thought a thing,—in my ignorant Highlands.

### VIII.

*Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur hymenæus,  
 Hymen, O hymenæe ! Hymen, ades, O hymenæe !*

**B**UT a revulsion again came over the spirit of Elspie,  
 When she thought of his wealth, his birth and education :  
 Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference truly ;  
 Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds his portion,  
 Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is had for nothing ;  
 Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and simple.

But the many things that he knew, and the ease of a practised  
 Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable graces  
 (Were they not hers, too, Philip ?) to speech and manner, and movement,  
 Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling,—  
 When she thought of all these, and these contemplated daily,  
 Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising,—  
 With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she could not

Estimate, and of a step (such a step !) in the dark to be taken,  
 Terror nameless and ill understood of deserting her station,—  
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,  
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,  
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy,  
 (Ah me ! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be written !)  
 It would not do for him ; nor for her ; she also was something,  
 Not much indeed and different, yet not to be lightly extinguished.  
 Should *he*—*he* have a wife beneath him ? herself be  
 An inferior there where only equality can be ?  
 It would do neither for him, nor for her.

Alas for Philip !

Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor had availed then  
 All his prayer and all his device. But much was spoken  
 Now, between Adam and Elspie ; companions were they hourly :  
 Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, anxiously seeking,  
 From his experience seeking impartial accurate statement  
 What it was to do this or do that, go hither or thither,  
 How in the after life would seem what now seeming certain  
 Might so soon be reversed ; in her quest and obscure exploring  
 Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her footsteps ;  
 Much by Elspie to Adam enquiring, eagerly seeking :  
 Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,  
 Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heedfully speaking,  
 Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,  
 Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognizant wholly,  
 But as suspending until she should seek it, direct intimation ;  
 Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was and would be,  
 Much that was strength to her mind, confirming beliefs and insights  
 Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and timid for action ;  
 Much of relations of rich and poor, and true education.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,  
 Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,  
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie ;  
 Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet and yellow ;  
 One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,  
 And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,  
 Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and earrings,  
 Cover her now, o'er and o'er ; she is weary and scatters them from her.  
 There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,

Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.  
For as they talked, anon she said—

It is well, Mr. Philip.

Yes, it is well: I have spoken, and learnt a deal with the teacher.  
At the last I told him all, I could not help it;  
And it came easier with him than could have been with my father;  
And he calmly approved, as one that had fully considered.  
Yes it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden,  
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet.  
I am afraid; but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher:  
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;  
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is likely.  
What my father will say, I know not: we will obey him:  
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.  
O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!  
And she hid her face—

Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom!

After some silence, some tears too perchance, Philip laughed and said to her,

So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that I'm bad enough for you.  
Ah, but your father won't make one half the question about it  
You have—he'll think me, I know, nor better nor worse than Donald,  
Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship and book-work,  
Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vagabond fellow,  
Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for your sake, Elspie,  
Though he allows I did some good at the end of the shearing.  
But I had thought in Scotland you didn't care for this folly,  
How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days in the Highlands,  
This is what comes of the year you spent in our foolish England.  
You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered,

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was reviving,  
No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for her knitting,  
No, nor do I, dear Philip, I don't myself feel always,  
As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four days lately,  
Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,  
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;  
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only weaker;  
And that the one big tree might spread its root and branches,  
All the lesser about it must even be felled and perish.  
No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,

Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that up from old time  
 Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue and life of  
 Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds and nations,  
 And must have for itself the whole world for its root and branches.  
 No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the shadow ;  
 Yes, I feel the life-juices of all the world and the ages  
 Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt and poorer,  
 You are more near, but then you will help to convey them to me.  
 No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully !—While you look so  
 Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and trembling,  
 Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river.  
 And I feel coming into me from you, or perhaps from elsewhere,  
 Strong contemptuous resolve ; I forget, and I bound as across it.  
 But after all you know, it may be a dangerous river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry you over.

Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me for a burthen.

O sweet burthen, he said, and are you not light as a feather ?

But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and ears too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat underneath us ;

There is a boat, he said, and a name is written upon it,

Love, he said, and kissed her.—

But I will read your books, though,

Said she, you'll leave me some, Philip.

Not I, replied he, a volume.

This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low together.

Women must read,—as if they didn't know all beforehand :

Weary of plying the pump we turn to the running water,

And the running spring will needs have a pump built on it.

Weary and sick of our books we come to repose in your eye-sight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty of Nature,

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of the things we are sick to death of.

What, she said, and if I have let you become my sweetheart,

I am to read no books ! but you may go your ways then,

And I will read, she said, with my father at home as I used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read them to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself, when I choose it ;

What, you suppose we never read anything here in our Highlands,

Bella and I with the father in all our winter evenings.

But we must go, Mr. Philip—

I shall not go at all, said  
He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven ! that's well over.

No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.  
Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by ?  
No, Mr. Philip, no—you have kissed me enough for two nights,  
No—come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,  
Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,  
Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady,  
We will do work together, you do not wish me a lady,  
It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness ; still it is so,  
I could not bear to be served and waited upon by footmen,  
No, not even by women—

And, God forbid, he answered,  
God forbid you should ever be ought but yourself, my Elspie,  
As for service, I love it not, I ; your weakness is mine too,  
I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were clipped by Elspie.  
But, my Elspie, he said, you would like to see, I fancy,  
Something of the world, of men and women. You will not refuse me,  
You will one day come with me and see my uncle and cousins,  
Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You should go, if you liked it,  
Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate, my Elspie.  
Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility stage-play  
One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction.

That may be, my Philip, she said, you are good to think of it.  
But we are letting our fancies run-on indeed ; after all  
It may all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing whatever.  
There is so much that needs to be done, so much that may happen.

All that needs to be done, said he, shall be done, and quickly.

And on the morrow he took good heart and spoke with David ;  
Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiving ;  
Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured by Adam.  
In the first few days after Philip came to the bothie  
They had become hearty friends, full of trust the one in the other :  
And in these last three he had talked with him much, and tried him.  
And he remembered, how at the first he had liked the lad ; and,

Then too, the old man's eye was much more for inner than outer,  
And the natural tune of his heart without misgiving  
Went to the noble words of that grand song of the Lowlands,  
*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it now, but insisted  
Philip should go to his books: if he chose, he might write; if after  
Chose to return, might come; he truly believed him honest.  
But a year must elapse, and many things might happen.  
Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie, and blessed them;  
Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not, when at the doorway  
Standing with you, and telling the young man to come and see us,  
I did not think he would one day be asking me here to surrender  
What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

## IX.

*Arva, beata Petamus arva!*

SO on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread returning,  
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained at Oxford,  
All the Christmas and Easter remained and read at Oxford.

Great was wonder in College when Postman showed to Butler  
Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Toper-na-fuosich,  
Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every Sunday:

Great at that Highland post was wonder too and conjecture,  
When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife to the lasses,  
And the lasses declared they couldn't be really to David;  
Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine, and supper,  
Keen the conjecture and joke; but Adam kept the secret,  
Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas to Adam.  
What I said at Balloch has truth in it; only distorted.  
Plants are some for fruit, and some for flowering only;  
Let there be deer in parks, as well as kine in paddocks,  
Grecian buildings upon the earth as well as Gothic.  
There may be men, perhaps, whose vocation it is to be idle,  
Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be:  
Only let each man seek to be that for which Nature meant him,

D



Independent surely of pleasure, if not regardless,  
 Independent also of station, if not regardless :  
 Irrespective alike of station, as of enjoyment,  
 Do his duty in that state of life to which God, not man, shall call him.  
 If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out with you, and do it,  
 If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I will feed thee ;  
 Take my purse ; you have far better right to it, friend, than the Marquis.  
 If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by your dress, to believe so,  
 Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery stable ;  
 Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the corner,  
 Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the eighth commandment.  
 What a mere Dean, with those wits, that debtor-and-creditor head-piece !  
 Go, my detective D. D., take the place of Burns the gauger.  
 Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live, and be lovely,  
 Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious ware, who  
 Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility better !  
 —Ye unhappy statuettes, ye miserable trinkets,  
 Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,  
 Come, in God's name, come down ! the very French clock by you  
 Puts you to shame with ticking ; the fire-irons deride you.  
 Break your glasses, ye can ! come down, ye are not really plaster,  
 Come, in God's name, come down ! do anything, be but something !  
 You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so quickly,  
 Can you not teach ? O yes, and she likes Sunday school extremely,  
 Only it's soon in the morning. Away ! if to teach be your calling,  
 It is no play, but a business : off ! go teach and be paid for it.  
 Surely, that fussy old dowager yonder was meant for the counter ;  
 Oh, she is notable very, and keeps her servants in order  
 Past admiration. Indeed, and keeps to employ her talent  
 How many, pray ? to what use ? Away, the hotel's her vocation.  
 Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle.  
 Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron ?  
 Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa ? in with them,  
 In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils, but your own it enhances ;  
 For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.  
 But they will marry, have husbands, and children, and guests, and households —  
 Are there then so many trades for a man, for women one only,  
 First to look out for a husband and then to preside at his table ?  
 Learning to dance, then dancing, then breeding, and entertaining ?  
 Breeding and rearing of children at any rate the poor do



Easier, say the doctors, and better, with all their slaving.  
 How many, too, disappointed, not being this, can be nothing !  
 How many more are spoilt for wives by the means to become so,  
 Spoilt for wives and mothers, and every thing else moreover !

This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.

Have you ever, Philip, my boy, looked at it in this way ?

When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,

Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward

Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service ?

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions ;

Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations.

This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip.

I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly ;

Children of circumstance are we to be ? you answer, On no wise !

Where does Circumstance end, and Providence where begins it ?

In the revolving sphere which is upper, which is under ?

What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with ?

If there is battle, 'tis battle by night : I stand in the darkness,

Here in the *melée* of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,

Signal and password known ; which is friend and which is foeman ?

Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are, and will be.

Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.

Let us all get on as we can, and do what we're meant for,

Or, as is said in your favourite weary old *Ethics*, our *ergon*.

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where is the battle ?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of my *Elspie*,

O that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of the onset,

Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle !

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,

Backed by a solemn appeal, ' For God's sake do not stir, there !'

Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't attack my conclusion,

Let us get on as we can, and hunt for and do the *ergon*.

That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and drinking.

Yes, you are right, I dare say, you always were and will be,

And in default of a fight I will put up with peace and *Elspie*.

These are fragments again without date addressed to Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,  
 Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,  
 Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and Scarfa,  
 Heaving, swelling, spreading, the might of the mighty Atlantic ;  
 There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous bottom  
 Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-surface  
 Eddies, coils, and whirls ; by dangerous Corryvreckan :  
 So in my soul of souls through its cells and secret recesses,  
 Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic fervour.

But as the light of day enters some populous city,  
 Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly daystreak signal,  
 High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas lamps,—  
 All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,  
 Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access  
 Permeates far and pierces, to very cellars lying in  
 Narrow high back-lane, and court and alley of alleys :  
 He that goes forth to his walk, while speeding to the suburb,  
 Sees sights only peaceful and pure ; as, labourers settling  
 Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber ;  
 Humble market-carts, coming-in, bringing-in, not only  
 Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country  
 Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers ; soon after  
 Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters  
 Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by the doorway ;  
 School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,  
 Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping ;  
 Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be  
 Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there ;  
 Merchant on his grass-plat haply, bare-headed ; and now by this time  
 Little child bringing breakfast to “ father ” that sits on the timber  
 There by the scaffolding ; see, she waits for the can beside him ;  
 Mean-time above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires :  
 So that the whole great wicked artificial civilized fabric,—  
 All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks,—  
 Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty :—  
 —Such—in me, and to me, and on me the love of Elspie !

Philip returned to his books, but returned to his Highlands after ;  
 Got a first 'tis said ; a winsome bride, 'tis certain.  
 There while courtship was ending, nor yet the wedding appointed,

Under her father he learnt to handle the hoe and the hatchet :  
 Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and Arthur to see him  
 Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison : Adam the tutor,  
 Arthur, and Hope ; and the Piper anon who was there for a visit.  
 He had been into the schools ; plucked almost ; all but a *gone-coon* ;  
 So he declared ; never once had brushed up his *hairy* Aldrich ;  
 Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime and ideal  
 Gave to historical questions a free poetical treatment ;  
 Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their lexicon-limbo,  
 Took Aristophanes up at a shot ; and the whole three last weeks  
 Went in his life and the sunshine rejoicing to Nuneham and Godstowe :  
 What were the claims of Degree to those of life and the sunshine ?  
 There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the chartist,  
 Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland landlords,  
 Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's fury.  
 There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the Piper was almost,  
 Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie ;  
 But the good Adam was heedful ; they did not go too often.  
 There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,  
 When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,  
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie,  
 There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were garnered,  
 David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie ;  
 Elspie the quiet, the brave was wedded to Philip the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married and gone—But oh, Thou  
 Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the playful and tender,  
 Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly to thy Pindus,  
 (Pindus is it, O Muse, or Aetna, or even Ben-Nevis ?)  
 Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and Idyll,  
 Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair gratulations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine-chest and tool-box,  
 Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and a rifle the Piper,  
 Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family Bible,  
 Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a bible and iron bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by the corpulent hero ?  
 This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and corpulent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O my eloquent speaker !  
 So *the good time is coming*,\* or come is it ? O my chartist !  
 So the Cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin of Women ;

\* " The Good Time Coming."—Chartist Song.

Finished, and now, is it true ? to be taken out whole to New Zealand !  
 Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with Ruth, O Boaz,  
 Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her gods, her mountains,  
 Quitted her Moab-Lochaber for thee, thou Naomi-Boaz.  
 Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem said they,  
 Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and Leah unto thee !  
 Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bedstead !  
 Yea, to the full golden fifty be lengthened ! while fair memoranda  
 Duly fill-up the fly-leaves duly left in the Family Bible.  
 Live, be happy, and look too to keep a whole skin on thy sirloin.  
 Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, may'st thou, an unroasted Grandsire,  
 See thy children's children, and Democracy upon New Zealand !

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the Postscript after.  
 Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in a postscript ;  
 Listen to wisdom—*Which things*—you perhaps didn't know, my dear fellow,  
 I have reflected ; *Which things are an allegory*, Philip.  
 For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage ; which, I have seen it,  
 Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be, bigamy only,  
 Even in noblest kind a duality, compound and complex,  
 One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and earthy :  
 For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban their father  
 Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and hard taskmaster.  
 Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of Heth by the desert ;  
 Rachel we met at the well ; we came, we saw, we kissed her ;  
 Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem a few days only,  
 E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at last of Laban.  
 Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand of her father ?  
 Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from the altar ?  
 Rachel we dream-of at night : in the morning, behold, it is Leah.  
 "Nay, it is custom," saith Laban, and Leah indeed is the elder.  
 Happy and wise who consents to redouble his service to Laban,  
 So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder the younger,  
 Not repudiates Leah, but wins him the Rachel unto her !  
 Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Philip, she also is worthy ;  
 So—many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and survive her sister :  
 Yea and her children—*Which things are an allegory*, Philip,  
 Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance too, a long one !

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man nicknamed Adam.  
 I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your departure ;  
 Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your beautiful Elspie.

Happy is he that found, and finding was not heedless ;  
 Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that was with him.  
 So won Philip his bride ;—

They are married, and gone to New Zealand.  
 Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three pictures,  
 Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New Zealand.  
 There he hewed, and dug ; subdued the earth and his spirit ;  
 There he built him a home ; there Elspie bare him his children,  
 David and Bella ; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam ;  
 There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax fields ;  
 And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

THE END.

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C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.



*In the course of November,*  
**A M B A R V A L I A,**  
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**LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.**

**OXFORD: FRANCIS MACPHERSON.**







